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Ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. X.—No. 463.] SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1893. [ONE PENNY.

MORE HOME RULE.

"As Home Rule for Ireland seems now to be the chief topic of conversation, Poor Pa, who hates to be out in the cold, is naturally a bit jealous. Just to make things a bit level, John Burns and he are busy promoting a Bill, by the medium of which Home Rule will be granted to Battersians generally and the Dogs' Home in particular. In an interview with Gladstone, the other day, Papa quite stirred the old gentleman up with his eloquence, and in his final peroration, when he dilated upon the misery and discomfort appertaining to Puppydom, William had hard work to restrain his tears."—TOOTSIE.

VENGEANCE UP TO DATE.

When Brown nourishes a deadly hatred towards Jones, he doesn't think of pistols at fifteen paces, or assassination. He merely invites him to dinner;—

Then, with a generous and lavish hand, he forces his full-bodied, mellow, twelve-shilling claret (with a divine aroma) upon his unsuspecting guest,—

And twenty-four hours later smiles silently as he observes the undertaker ringing Jones's front-door bell. His vengeance is accomplished.

SIR GOSSELIN DENVILLE.

ACCORDING to record, Sir Gosselin, who lived and flourished, defying the gallows, in the days of Edward II., was a robber of the real good old style, now happily out of fashion.

He was, we are told, "descended of very honourable parents at Northallerton, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. His family came into England with William the Conqueror, who assigned them lands for their services, where they lived in great repute until the days of our hero. He was intended for the Church. His natural habits, however, could not long be restrained, and he soon displayed his propensity to a luxurious and profligate life, and it appears that so vicious was his conduct, that he broke his father's heart, and his newly-acquired wealth he and his brother Robert contrived soon to dissipate."

The first mention of Sir Gosselin's exploits on the highway was one in which he was joined by Middleton and Selby, two robbers of that time, with a considerable force, and consisted of robbing two cardinals who had been sent to this kingdom by the Pope with a large treasure and a numerous train. The success of their first venture urged Sir Gosselin and his associates on to further deeds of daring. Not only travellers, but monasteries, churches, nunneries and large houses were the objects of their attack, and they were not merely content with booty, but barbarously murdered all who resisted them. One Andrew Simpson, a

Dominican monk, was "once met by our knight and his associates, and obliged to surrender his purse. 'Wishing, however, to make pastime of him,' they compelled him to mount a tree and preach an extempore sermon. The monk selected for his text, "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment and wounded him, and departed, leaving him for dead." And he commented thereon in a very learned manner, hoping to move the hearts of his hearers, but without success.' They were too far plunged in iniquity to reform."

We read that Sir Gosselin and his followers "every day became more formidable," and robbed with such boldness that country seats were forsaken, and safety sought in fortified cities.

They defeated forces sent out to repress them, and were not deterred from any project, either by the greatness of the danger or the rank of those they would attack. The King himself, when on a tour through the north of England, was beset by the gang in priests' habits, and his Majesty and his nobles had to submit themselves to be rifled.

This outrage naturally caused a great outcry, and several proclamations offering large rewards were issued for the apprehension of any or all of the thieves. This led to the growth of treachery among the band, and in less than a month sixty were handed over to justice for the sake of the blood-money.

The last recorded exploit of Sir Gosselin and his remaining adherents was an attack he made on the Bishop of Durham, when they stripped his palace of everything valuable and maltreated the servants and family.

But the closing scene of the Knight's lawless career is, perhaps, the most remarkable. "His amours," says his biographer, "were many, and among them was one with the wife of a publican whose house he used to frequent, not so much for the goodness of the ale as the beauty of the hostess." The landlord, however, sought his revenge in due season, and betrayed Sir Gosselin and his men one evening when they were carousing in his house.

The Sheriff and five hundred of his followers surrounded the party, who fought desperately, and it was not before two hundred of the besiegers had fallen and they were completely hemmed in that they surrendered.

They were then escorted under a strong guard to York, where, without the privilege of a trial, they were immediately executed, "to the joy of thousands, the satisfaction of the great, and the delight of the community, who waited upon them to the scaffold, triumphing in their ignominious exit."

* * * * * * *

RESENT PERCEDINS.

billium iss stil on strik, an iss adressin off a mobb off one, a-cetin off a peloni wile e lissens.

billium iss a pilin off itt upp. e call onn the mobb to march onter the manshing ouse.

LATIST.—the mobb av ook itt. billium doant seme to notis, ann iss stil onn the jobb.

(Next week, "A Plucky Servant Girl.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose *a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted.* Do not inclose loose stamps.

We're sorry we cannot arrange it for you; We'd gladly do so if we could. You must see how difficult, though, it would be, And kindly excuse us, F. WOOD. *You can send us the sketch if you like,* TOMMY TIMS, *But our staff is at present complete. The Ancient has always succeeded as yet,* POLITICIAN, *in keeping the seat. It's not our intention,* A BRAW CANNY SCOT; *We cannot go into the case. The Mildewed regrets,* NICK, *he cannot turn up, But he can't be all over the place. With much alteration and quite a new plot, Your story would suit us,* F. J. *The Eminent cannot agree with you,* CIS, *And that is the most he can say. It depends on the state of his temper,* MISS MAUD, *But we don't think we'd try him too far. They probably do it on purpose,* PERPLEXED; *You know what such idiots are.*

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD

"ALWAYS distrust the obtrusively honest individual. He is the kind of man who never forgets to tell the waiter when he's taken an extra 'head,' but isn't a bit above sneaking the twopenny tip somebody else has left under his plate."—*Extract from* SLOPER'S *"Universal Philosophy," page* 108, *Chap. XIV., Vol.* 8 *(Unabridged Edition).*

***

THERE'S something very "fetching"
And artistically catching
About a simple etching
To hang upon the wall.

And when you come to frame it,
And get the bill—why, blame it!
You find that all the same it
Makes a "fiver" very small.

***

"THERE'S nothing like making the best of everything," as the baker's daughter said when she couldn't afford a new chignon, and so contented herself with black-leading the top of a "tuppenny" buster, and fastening it with a couple of long hairpins to the back of her lovely cranium.

***

Stern Parent. I would like you to tell me, sir, what are your intentions with regard to my daughter.

Ardent Suitor. Funny that, now! I was going to ask the very same question of you. You've got the credit of having a pretty big pile, and you ought to come down handsome. But I've been spoofed too often to trust much to appearances. A young fellow can't be too careful nowadays.

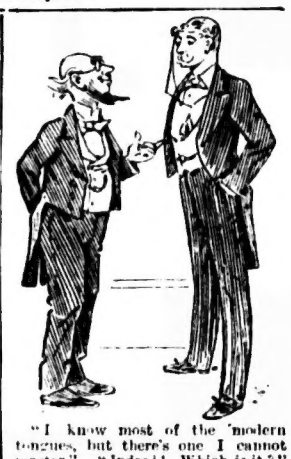
FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 463.—The "Queen's Buckhounds'" Costume.

"Give me—ar—a definition of—ar—platonic love." "Tommy-rot."

SKETCHED FROM LIFE.
A gentleman returning from a vestry meeting.

First Fair One. What a nice, handsome fellow! Quite a poem of a man, I think. *Second Fair One.* That's just it, dear. Poem is an excellent term, considering the number of times he has been rejected.

ZOO ILLOGICAL STUDIES.
A family of Shrimpigs.



"I know most of the 'modern tongues, but there's one I cannot master." "Indeed! Which is it?" "My wife's."

IT is a poor heart that never rejoices; yet, for all that, SLOPER says there's one a little bit too hard. Men's minds are drivelling on Parliament instead of on the charms of good "Unsweetened." "Gladstone's tree," says he, "be hanged! You should see what they've chalked up against me on the skittle-alley door of the Blue Pig! It's enough to make a man go home and try and get boozed on salts and senna, while he reads the *Christian World* through a pair of green-door spectacles."

***

SCENE—*Railway Carriage.*

Passenger (*continuing conversation with friend*). Beer! oh, dear, no; I couldn't touch a drop of it for worlds.

Temperance Fanatic (*just entered, interrupting*). Glad to hear you say so, sir, very glad indeed. Proud to think that you belong to the great army of——

Passenger. Whisky-drinkers, eh? Well, you're quite right. You see, beer does play the very devil with my liver, but a little good Scotch, now—hullo, there! why did he jump out, before the train had half stopped, like that for?

***

"Upon your smile I'd live for ever,"
Fondly said the love-lorn youth.
"Would you?" said the maiden clever;
"Don't you mean upon my 'oof'?"

***

Brown. Hallo, old man! how are you? Allow me to sympathise with you.

Dodger (*recently landed for breach of promise*). On the contrary, dear boy, you should congratulate me.

Brown. But it was £500 damages, wasn't it?

Dodger. Pooh! that's nothing. If I'd married her, she'd have blued that in a year.

***

New-Comer. Do you consider Roldrib, the butcher round the corner, to be a trusty tradesman, Mr. SLOPER?

Sloper. Trusty? Not much! You won't get any tick there, old man

***

WE understand that Mr. Keir Hardie and the other members of the Labour Party have denied that it is their intention to bring in a bill for shortening the hours of cycle-makers on the ground that much of it is such *tyre*-ing work.

***

Burly-looking Mendicant. Spare me a trifle, sir, kindly. I ain't tasted no food these 'ere two days—bin suddenly deprived of my only wisible means of support.

Benevolent Old Gentleman. My poor fellow! How sad! Tell me—how did it all happen?

Burly-looking Mendicant. Well, you see, guv'nor, the missis, as took in mangling and did a bit o' charin' occasional, got jugged last week for coppin' the brewer, and there ain't bin a bloomin' penny in the 'ouse since!

***

A. Sloper. Lend you the *Sporting Life!* Well, yes; but how is it you so often borrow my paper? Don't you ever buy one?

Iky Mo. Buy one! Suffering Israel, no! Do you take me for a millionaire? The papers the gents leaf behind them in the railway carriages is quite good enough for me, ma tear.

***

THERE is no end to modern enterprise. We extract the following advertisement from a journal published not a million miles and half an inch from Shoe Lane: "To Barn-Door Dancers of Narrow Means. The very best imitation silk hose provided in all colours and shades (might, at any time, be mistaken for *chef d'œuvres* from the Lyons looms), from 10½*d.* the pair. Stripes not extra; clock patterns included."

***

A COUPLE of youngsters of Clare
Annexed some cigars from their *père;*
They were found the next day
Strewed about the highway,
And they buried them just as they were.

***

Aspiring Amateur. Why, confound it all! you don't mean to say you had the cheek to pitch into my acting like that after telling me you did not come to the performance?

Critic. That's all right, my boy. I let you down easy. Think what I might have said of it if I had been present.

***

Tommy. My brother Jem is playing a leading part in the new play at the "Friv."

Friend. The dickens he is! What does he do then?

Tommy. Oh! he leads on the donkey what draws the market in the village scene.

***

IT is said that extremes meet, and as a proof thereof, witness the fact that a man who is desirous of making his mark in the world must, nowadays, have a good education, and yet a man who has never even learnt to write is bound to make his "mark."

***

Snobleigh. Humph! What an ikey pin, deah boy! Quite fetching!

Robinson. Yes, rather neat, isn't it? A *gage d'amour.*

Snobleigh. Oh!—ah!—yes—indeed! Where did yer buy it?

***

IT is said that English is a difficult language to acquire. We wonder what the intelligent foreigner would think of the following, which was taken down verbatim from a Londoner: "Gar'n! 'Tain't chores yora lire. Shet up! Down't tell now moor lies!"

***

IT takes two people to commit a crime properly. Both of them, too, must be equally wicked; so, when Mrs. Johnson thought she had kissed her first cousin Charley behind the hall door when it was only the new curate, who's rather deaf and didn't hear her coming, I suppose, under them circs., she ought almost to have been forgiven by her husband. Still, there's no telling, men are so very prejudiced.

***

Reviewer (*proudly*). I get through from twenty-five to thirty books every week of my life.

Outsider (*wonderstruck*). My goodness! How do you manage it? Why, it takes me two days to read a single book.

Reviewer (*sternly*). I do not read them, sir. I review them

***

GEORGE WASHINGTON, they tell us,
Never told a "whopper:"
George Washington, that's certain,
Never was a "copper"

***

Jones. The most expensive thing I ever bought was a diamond ring, which cost me £70.

Smith. I once bought a small yacht, and by the time I had fitted her out for sea she ran me into £300.

Brown. I once bought a badly-built house, and, what with repairs and one thing and another, it has run me into over £500 already.

Noodle. The most expensive thing I ever bought was a marriage licence, and that has cost me——

Omnes. Give him the cake!

***

THE malice of your well-regulated young female is proverbial. Twig her pretending to kiss in all loving-kindness her bosom friend, Anna Maria. "I must kiss that pretty little nose of yours, darling, after kissing that little rosebud of a mouth." D'ye know what that's for, sonny? Why, so that she can convey a dab of rose-pink lip-salve on the summit of her pal's tip-tilted, and so make it look as if that nose was decked with the hue of the habitual whisky-shifter. Oh, women, in your hours of ease! Gar 'long!

TOOTSIE AND "CHARLEY'S AUNT."

PENLEY in petticoats has proved, if possible, a greater attraction than hitherto has been Penley *en pantalon*. He is screamingly funny, and there is nothing in his performance capable of being censured by the Grundiest Mrs Grundy that ever was.

Charley's Aunt: W. S. PENLEY.

It was, according to the Dook Snook, Mrs. Coleman, in 1656, who was the first woman who appeared on the stage in a female character. And, you may be sure, very shortly, too, the stage women donned "tr**s*rs." Before this, young men and boys played the heroines. Charles Dibden tells us, though women were admitted to the stage on the return of Charles II., "yet it could not be so suddenly supplied with them but that there was still a necessity for some time to put the handsomest young men into petticoats." He gives us, too, a story the reader may be more familiar with, of a ridiculous distress that arose from those sort of shifts which the stage was then put to. "The King coming a little before his usual time to a tragedy, found the actors not ready to begin, when his Majesty sent round to know the meaning of it; upon which the master of the company came to the box, and, rightly judging that the best excuse for their default would be the true one, fairly told his Majesty that the Queen was not *shaved* yet." Campbell speaks of Kynaston as "the last beautiful youth who figured in petticoats on the stage," and Pepys says he was, when in female attire, "the prettiest woman in the house," and, in male attire, "the handsomest man."

I don't know, but I daresay Penley has played "beautiful youths" in his time, but on this occasion he has elected to take the part of what is irreverently termed "an old girl." Penley is Charley's aunt.

When I say he *is*, I mean he pretends to be. Properly he is a peer of the realm, like Snook and Lord Bob, and his name is Lord Fancourt Babberley, the short of which among his intimate pals is Babbs.

Kitty Verdun: NINA BOUCICAULT. *Amy Spettigue:* AUDREY FORD.

It is Commemoration Week at Oxford, and a festive old time is on. Charley wants to give a little luncheon party at his friend Jack's rooms, to which are to be invited Amy and Kitty, on the strict understanding that Charley's elderly aunt is to be present also and play propriety. At the last moment, however, aunt sends word she can't come. What is to be done?

Fortunately, Babbs, a distinguished amateur actor, is to the fore. He is shortly about to impersonate an elderly lady at some theatricals, and he has brought the costume and make-up for the inspection of his friends, who, in their fix, persuade him to impersonate the propriety aunt. From this point the play goes with a scream.

You can imagine Penley, the curate, the old judge, the juryman, the betrothed of the gutta-percha girl, playing propriety; being kissed and cuddled by the young ladies and told secrets to; and, worse still, being proposed to by elderly gentlemen; being discovered, too, when he thinks he has got a moment to himself, puffing at a big cigar; being, in fact, worried out of his life.

The central figure of the piece is, of course, Penley himself, but all concerned act extremely well. Nina Boucicault, Kate Gordon and Emily Cudmore play charmingly; Percy Lyndall rattles through his part very pleasantly, and H. Farmer, as Charley, plays carefully and well. Charley's real aunt, who turns up at last and displaces her impersonator, is quite safe in the hands of Ada Branson. Brandon Thomas's part is now played by Walter Everard in good style, and Hendrie is capital as old Spettigue—the only one who in the end does not pair off happily.

Jack Chesney: PERCY LYNDALL. *Charley Wykeham:* H. FARMER.

Before the principal piece is an agreeable little comedietta called *A Love Game*, by Walter Browne, in which Edith Lisle and Wilton Heriot are seen to advantage. It is cleverly written, and shows how two lovers, across a lawn-tennis net, set up a drawing-room, quarrel and make it up again.

The Royalty Theatre, at which *Charley's Aunt* was first played in London, seems to be a bit unlucky. When last, after long waiting, it manages to get a hit, the hit is too big for it, the money can't be got in, and the play has to go elsewhere. Meanwhile the Globe is nightly crowded in a way that has not been seen this many a long day.

THE FEMININE FROWN.

(AFTER CAPTAIN CODDINGTON'S "MAN ABOUT TOWN.")

SINCE I chance to belong to a club, is it wrong
To evince a club-brotherly feeling
By carousing o' nights with my fellow clubites
Till the dawn o'er the housetops is stealing?
Nay, that duty I owe to the members, you know,
Though my heart for my hearth is still yearning;
But my termagant bride is so harsh as to chide
My delay, on my homeward returning.
Though I *hate* to stay drinking in town,
On my innocent action she's down
With a rigorous, vigorous, troubled-eyed, double-dyed,
Furious Feminine Frown!

If I travel by train, as a rule I am fain
To be, during the journey, enabled
To enjoy a cigar; so I enter a car
That distinctly with "Smoking" is labelled;
But I find, to my awe, when too late to withdraw,
That there sits in the corner a lady:
And she glares in my eyes, as the smoke-wreaths arise,
With a look that's decidedly shady;
Then my innocent form, up and down,
Gorgonizes, from instep to crown,
With a querulous, scurrilous, rat-killing, cat-killing,
Furious Feminine Frown!

A. SLOPER, SIGN WRITER.

NO, dear Rosebud, "The Imperial Dreambook; or, Insomnia on the Alps," was written, or wrotten, by the first Napoleon—possibly you have heard of the celebrated Code Napoleon? Same thing—and not by A. SLOPER. A. S., nevertheless, is a bit of a horoscoper and a firm believer in signs, a few of which he will propound to you:

To start with, to walk three miles along a dusty road during "close time" on a Sunday morning to a friend's house, only to find that he has had a row with his brewer and has gone out to look for a drop *himself*, is a sign that you will be disappointed.

Then again, to get up in the middle of the night to try and find the Fruit Salt, and to jamb the iron leg of the bedstead firmly between your fourth and your little toe, is a sign that you will swear.

Once again, to run slap into the arms of the tailor to whom you promised a remittance last August is a sign that you are in the wrong street.

To dream of being run over by a steam-roller and then impaled upon an area railing, is a sign that salmon and cucumbers are in season; whilst to see a clean, crisp fiver lying on a lonely pathway, is a sign that you are going to have a drink on your own account.

To fancy that you can hear a voice saying, "The fact is, old man, I'm trying to touch somebody myself," is a sign that you will not go to the ball, but will spend the evening at home. And to cannon against two consecutive lamp-posts, and then pitch head foremost down a publican's cellar, is a sign that you are not living up to the blue ribbon in your buttonhole.

Finally, to dream that you have told your new-agent to stop leaving your "SLOPER," as times are bad, is a sign that they're going to be harder—for *you*.

CERTAINLY A DRAWBACK.

RUPERTO is somewhat short-sighted. It was the guide, philosopher and friend, Arturo, who softly murmured to him the other day: "It's a pity for you, old chap—at least, in some respects—that dress-improvers have gone out of fashion." And then that young man pondered as to where the wisdom was to bally well weigh in. "Why, you see, in the bustle days every girl had a special sort of wiggle-waggle to and fro that you could spot a hundred yards off, so that you could tell her without even seeing her face; now they all walk as even as a clothes-prop running on a single caster."

"THE FISHERS OF FAIR HAVEN."

THE fishers of Fair Haven
Sail'd on away to sea,
Amid the misty dawning,
Across the waveiets free.
They left the peaceful harbour
To toil the livelong day,
And ere the first pale sunbeam
The fishers sail'd away.

The wives at sweet Fair Haven
Who watch upon the shore,
Dream in the golden sunshine,
And long for dusk once more,
When all the boats sail homeward,
And loving hearts shall meet,
When fall the shadows softly
Amid the gloaming sweet.

But all, when dark'ning sundown
Yet lingers o'er the land,
The wives are weeping sadly
Far off upon the strand;
While storm-clouds gather dimly
And wild winds sweep the sea,
They watch and pray for mercy
On those they love at sea.

The fishers of Fair Haven
Shall never come again;
The boats shall ne'er sail homeward
Across the shining main.
They passed away in silence
Where surges swell no more,
And loyal hearts rest safely
Upon the great lee-shore.

AN APPROPRIATE 'MOTTO.

A WELL-KNOWN cowkeeper paid a visit to "The Sloperies," the other day, and on being shown in, observed:

"Lookee here, Mr. SLOPER, you was allers the friend of man, and so I've come to yer to help me. It's like this: I'm givin' up business, and the missis she's found a crest, bought it cheap in Wardour Street, and I wants a motter to go with it—somethin' French or Latin, yer know."

"Humph!" grunted the Eminent, scratching his three hairs. "Here's a French one, very suitable—*Lait l'Eau*."

"Lay low," cried Milky; "that'll do. Thankee. Here's a fiver for yerself. Good-bye."

NO CAUSE FOR GRIEF.

A WALL-EYED, hungry-looking individual recently entered a certain restaurant, which shall be nameless, and seated himself at one of the tables. A waiter appeared, ready for his order.

"Guv'nor dead?" observed the man, gazing intently at the table.

"Oh, no!" answered the waiter.

"Wife, perhaps? When does the funeral come off?"

"Wife ain't dead, either."

"One of the children, mebbe? Ah, well, life is short. We are here to-day, but where to-morrow?"

"Children are all well."

"Then it must be some near relative?"

"None of the family are dead; none of them are sick; and no relatives have passed away," explained the waiter.

"There ain't!" ejaculated the man, turning fiercely around and pointing to the tablecloth. "Then why in thunder don't you take in your mourning goods? That tablecloth is black enough for a funeral pall."

LITTLEWAITE.

SOMEHOW or other none of us fellows at the office ever thought much of Littlewaite. You see, he was such a poor, insignificant, meek-spirited little beggar, that it seemed only right and natural to us that we should assert our superiority, and let him see what deuced fine chappies we all were, don't you know, and how thoroughly presumptuous it was for him to dare consider himself upon the same mental or social level; he, a fellow who went to church regularly on Sundays, and never went inside a music-hall.

Choice witticism.

And how everybody did sit upon him! Briggs, for instance, was constantly firing off some choice witticism at his expense, or playing some excruciatingly humorous practical joke upon him, hiding his hat, sticking pins into his stool, or affixing labels to his overcoat, or something equally funny. But Littlewaite took it all in good part, only a curious sad sort of smile used to come over his face, and once or twice I almost longed to take his part; but then it wouldn't have done to have stood up for Littlewaite, I should have been the laughing-stock of the office.

Once only did we see him in a wax, and that was when that little snob, young Cadbound, came rushing in one Monday morning with the information that he'd met "old Littlewaite" the night before with "a rare tasty little tart, my boys!"

In a moment Littlewaite was off his stool, and with blazing eyes and burning cheeks stalked up to Cadbound. "Recollect, Mr. Cadbound," he said, hotly, "you are speaking of my wife."

There was a pause of astonishment at this. None of us had any idea Littlewaite was married, and, though Cadbound would have continued his remarks, he was silenced by Briggs, who isn't really a badly disposed fellow, for all his fooling, and Littlewaite, now pale with emotion, quietly resumed his place.

Met Littlewaite.

Some months passed, when one morning Littlewaite usually so punctual, did not put in an appearance. Later in the day a messenger brought a note for the boss, who gave a long whistle and immediately issued directions for the division of Littlewaite's work. Nearly a week passed before we saw Littlewaite again, and then he came up attired in fashionable mourning, and had a long private interview with the boss, after which he walked into the office, shook hands all round, told us a very unexpected and favourable change had taken place in his circumstances, and ended by telling us he hoped to see us again some day, when affairs had settled down a bit. Then he went out, and we, crowding to the window, saw him step into a smart brougham, and caught a glimpse of just the loveliest, sweetest face I've ever seen.

Gradually we heard all about it; how by the loss at sea of some distant relations he had never even seen, he came into a baronetcy and something like sixteen thousand a year. Gradually numerous acts of genuine kindness performed in stealth leaked out. Our porter told us, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, the way in which Littlewaite had assisted him when his wife lay ill with fever; the office boy came forward with a story of how Littlewaite had generously helped him out of a difficulty the young ass had got into over betting; and, once started, the instances of his unfailing, practical, unpretentious kindness cropped up everywhere, and when a few months later we all received an invitation to a dinner at the Café Royal, didn't we just accept it joyfully—you bet?

Stepped into a brougham.

Such a night as it was, too! We were all there, from the boss downwards, and Littlewaite welcomed us with a radiant face. Such a dinner, too!—such wines, and such speeches! Well, you should just have heard the ringing cheer we gave for Littlewaite and his absent wife!—I can tell you, it was something like a shout.

P. C. Look here, young fellow, what are you doing in the Park in that state?
Y. F. Please, sir, somebody's stolen my clothes while I was bathing, and I have nothing but this towel.

THE HEATED BROW.
One of the disadvantages of having a shortsighted housekeeper and being ditto oneself.

WISE SAYINGS ILLUSTRATED.
What better way is there of helping people than by giving them the chance of helping themselves?

"The world has no longer any attraction for me, dear. George has told me that beauty is only skin deep, and that women are only undeveloped men. I have determined to commit suicide."—*Extract from Letter of Young Lady.*

*** Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.*

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.

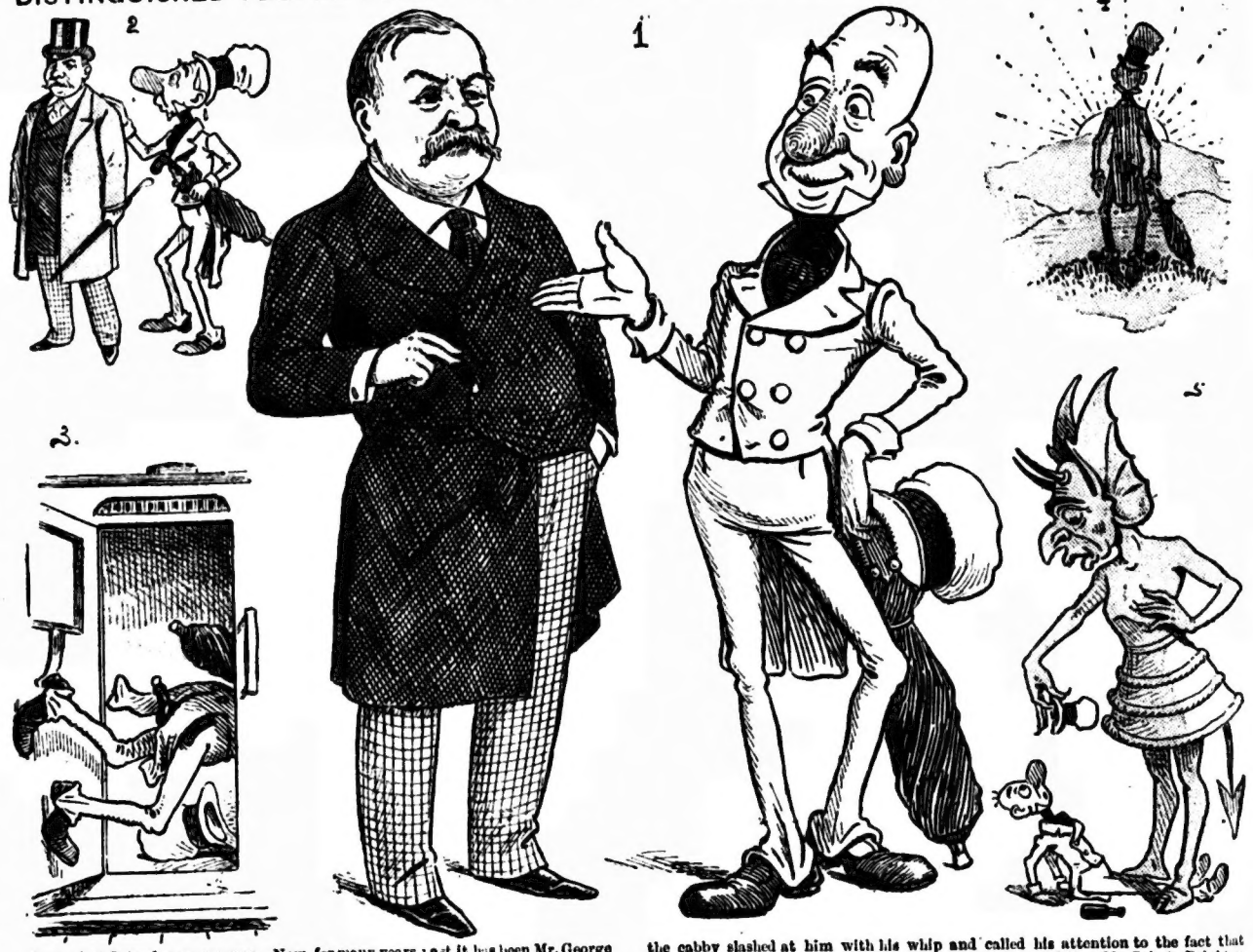
No. 277.—MISS NELLIE WARRINER.

"Naught but her love my shattered heart can heal!"
—*The Dook Snook.*

"Find me the man who does not sing her praises!"
—*Lord Bob.*

"Words cannot prove to thee, darling, all that my heart knows so well!"
—*The Hon. Billy.*

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, Esq.



It was last Saturday as ever was. Now, for many years past it has been Mr. George Augustus Sala's custom to lock up his place on a Saturday and make that day a day of rest. "Very Jew-dicious," A. SLOPER jocularly remarked. Can anyone be surprised, therefore, that the Eminent pitched upon that day to call and interview the King of Journalists?——(1) "George Augustus," said he, "well met! Founder of more monthly magazines, daily newspapers, comic periodicals, weekly journals, illustrated annuals, ditto weeklies, and humorous quarterlies than any other *littérateur* yet born, I greet thee! Bright GAS that sheds so brilliant a light when turned on the journals of the day, 'ow are yer? George Augustus, don't forget, now, to mention me in your delightful 'Things I have Seen and People I have Met,' will you?" "'Things I have Seen——' Oh, no, I won't forget," replied Mr. Sala. "*That's* all right; and now, George Augustus——" "Pardon me, SLOPER, but if you have come to interview me it's unfortunate, for I'm just off to Brighton; in fact, the cab's at the door. I'm late now. Good-bye, good-bye!" To run after that cab all the way to Victoria Station was A. SLOPER'S stern resolve. 'Twas in vain that the cabby slashed at him with his whip and called his attention to the fact that there was no luggage on the roof to be removed, he would follow Mr. Sala to Brighton or perish! At the station he found he hadn't a farthing with him.——(2) "George Augustus," he panted, for time was up, "one moment! Lend me a thick 'un, there's a good chap." To get rid of him Mr. Sala was only too glad to do so.——(3) The train was on the move when A. SLOPER, provided with a third return, was dragged into the guard's van. Arriving at Brighton somehow he missed his victim in the crowd. "Have you seen Mr. Sala?" he inquired of the station-master. Yes, he had seen him get into a fly, and fancied he heard him say, "To the Devil's Dyke." "Oh, who will o'er the Downs so Free?" carolled the F.O.M., gaily. "I will for one!"——(4) As the sun was setting a solitary figure might have been observed on the Downs vainly searching around for Mr. Sala.——(5) Then A. SLOPER, for 'twas he, wandered down the Dyke, and, being worn out, fell asleep, and dreamt that the proprietor came and demanded what the himself he was doing there. The Mouldy One awoke in a deuce of a funk, and subsequently returned to town in a bad temper.

THE CUDDY RACES.

(1) McParritch said, "A'll see how a pickled French nail will help my cuddy tae win the race."

(2) And continued, "A'm as deed as a skerlit runner. That beautiful lead gun a'h got in the 'Corbels' has raced me inta eternity."

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Here you are, my noble sportsmen, this is the little lot you've been looking forward to so anxiously all the week. Well, well, there's nothing like expectancy for sharpening up the appetite. However, here goes for the realisation.—*The Buckhounds had a narrow shave, But managed just themselves to save:—The festive Ferry feels that he A first-rate President will be:—About the "smokes" she went to law, And now she won't Havannah more:—His gage of battle flings the knight; A fearless challenge to the fight:—An artful Fox, the papers say, Some heavy damages must pay:—A postman living down at Penge Upon the cat had dire revenge:—She touched the keys before she sang, A bomb exploded with a bang.*—There, that's all, ladies and gentlemen, I don't think any of you can call that a disappointing feast, eh? Look out for another of the same quality next week. Bye-bye till then.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

"Tommy, what are you doing with that thermometer?" "Please, pa, mother said the temperature was just fetching it up against the stove."

Wife (in tearful voice). Jack dear Jack!
Jack (jauntily). Yes.
Wife. If you die, dear, where would you like to be buried?

LOVE LOCKS.

"And Beauty draws us by a single hair."

MAKING A FOOL OF HIM.

She (at a fancy ball). Oh, Jack! how silly of you to wear that dress. It doesn't disguise *you* a bit.

Sniffyson. Your grandfather lived to a *green* old age, didn't he, Bunker?

Bunker. Well, I should think so. The old juggins married his cook when he'd turned eighty, and settled all his tally oof on the slut. Guess that's green enough, Sniff, anyway!

ALLY-CAMPANE.

IF we have hitherto refrained from anything more than mere passing mention of Sir Gussy's third series of Carnival Balls, the explanation is due to anything but the absence of A. SLOPER from these bright, cheery, and eminently enjoyable functions. True, to a man of the Eminent's somewhat marked individuality, a thoroughly effective disguise presents one or two little difficulties, but the Mouldy One is a man of infinite resource, and he flatters himself that he has been all there on every occasion, and few have been the wiser. A. SLOPER loves his Covent Garden, as good boys and girls should, and he drains the flowing bowl to their continued success, and long life to their talented promoter.

***

NO; don't skip this paragraph, please. Those who have kindly contributed to the "Poor Appeal" may peruse it with complacency, but those who haven't—and, oh! there are such a lot of them—should take every word of it to heart, and "act accordin'," as Aunt Geeser has it. Goodness knows, A. SLOPER wouldn't ask a favour like this for himself, but in the interests of the poor, miserable half-starved victims of disease and privation, he puts his pride in his pocket, and earnestly asks—nay entreats—you to send a trifle which may help provide some despairing wretch with food and warmth, stave off perchance—the Eminent shudders to think what.

***

WE have received the following from one we expected better things of. Let us hope Mr. Rudyard Kipling won't be offended:

"It's ALLY this, and ALLY that,
And ALLY all the day;
But it's *Good Oldsh Ally Shlopersh*—hic—
When the Band begins to Play!"

***

THE rumour that Aunt Geeser and Uncle Boffin are not on speaking terms is devoid of foundation. Uncle has his faults, no doubt, but, taking him all round, he is a good old-fashioned nosegay.

***

"DO you think, Mummy," asked a dear little girl, "that Mr. SLOPER has kissed *all* those pretty girls in his paper?" A moment's reflection, and then Mummy said, "Go and put your arms round his neck, dear, and ask him prettily." The child went and did as she was bid, and in reply A. SLOPER assured her he had kissed them *all*, and many more besides. That little girl will want very careful bringing up.

***

ONLY a short time ago, on the invitation of Monsieur Petrescu, the F.O.M., together with the Medical Faculty of Brighton, was present at the Clarence Rooms at the Hotel Métropole. Mdlle. Petrescu gave a Private Representation, the Séance being given purely as a Demonstration of Darwin's Theories. Monsieur proved, in support of the principles of the great Naturalist, that man is a Quadrumain and a Quadruped at one and the same time. A. SLOPER says he never thought much of Man on the whole—he always preferred Woman. But now that he knows he's both a Quadrumain and a Quadruped, he thinks him a little bit more interesting. Things are looking up, in fact.

***

MR. W. T. VINCENT is compiling, for charitable purposes, the memorials of poor Fred Leslie. The idea is with the proceeds to endow a bed in Fred's name at one of the London Hospitals—a most fitting tribute to the memory of a right-down good fellow.

***

"THE weather's a bit mundargin, ain't it, mother?" quoth Jubilee, the other day, over his morning egg. "Lor' bless the child! where do 'e git the words from?" observed Mrs. S.; and A. SLOPER smiled a smole internally.

***

Diplomacy and tact are almost synonymous terms, and Mr. John Hare has proved, in reviving the play bearing the former title, that he possesses a fair share of the latter quality. *Diplomacy*, with the Bancrofts in the cast, is drawing all London to the Garrick Theatre, and it is difficult to recall a revival which has met with more universal approbation than the one in question. Like bottled wine which has been shelved for a time, both Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's acting has improved with age, and there can be little doubt that when this pair of clever artistes retired into private life, the stage lost two of its brightest lights. At any rate, the opportunity is furnished the modern playgoer of witnessing one of the plays, together with many of the artistes, that used to afford audiences of years gone by such profound pleasure. So our advice to readers is to pay a visit to the Garrick before it is too late.

IN order to avoid all unnecessary disappointment, we think it only right to say that there is absolutely no truth in the statement that the Hon. Billy has been successful in his attempt to raise anything on a post-obit on his aunt's will. The fact that the Hon. was seen devouring Bath buns in a Strand confectioner's, with a member of the "Friv." chorus, may, perhaps, have given some colour to the rumour, but we have the lady's positive assurance that Billy "*chalked it up.*"

***

SIGNOR BARSANTI, a noted sculptor in Pisa, carried away by his admiration for the Eminent, has erected in Carrara Marble a very fine statuette of the Old 'Un. The figure is about one-third of life size, and we hope may some day find a niche in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's—the latter preferred, being nearer "The Sloperies." The influence of the "HALF 'UN" is spreading more like an onion than ever.

***

MR. REGINALD SUMNER, F.O.S., late manager of the Brighton Aquarium, is a rattling good all-round reciter. Reggy can make 'em laugh, Reggy can make 'em cry, and Reggy can also, if necessary, make their hair curl. Dramatic or humorous, from the Immortal Billiam down to G. R. Sims, he takes 'em all on. Mr. Sumner is *Reggy-stered* at "The Sloperies" as a real live *cracknel*.

***

THE latest of all contests is a drinking match between McNab and McGooseley, the former taking on Scotch whisky, Claymore Brand (Greenlees Bros.), and the latter "Irish" blends assorted. The betting at present is four to one on McNab, who knows the value of good whisky, as his selection of the Claymore Blend denotes.

***

"I SUPPOSE, feyther," quoth the Cerulean-Orbed Engineer "that the finish of the Panama business 'as cooled your hardour about cuttin' a canal in the back garding at 'ome and askin' the public to subscribe the oof?" And nary a reply came from A. SLOPER.

***

"THE early bird catcheth the worm"—at least, so saith the old saw, and with this assertion we have no wish to find fault—in fact, we tender to the bird in question our heartiest congratulations. What we wish to point out is that, although lucky, the early bird does not monopolise *all* the good things of this life. It seems that sundry railway companies have resolved to reduce the workman's even now cheap fares, and the heart of the latter individual is bubbling over with happiness. Who shall say now that the lot of the British workman is a hard one?

***

TUDOR'S Grand Circus, now touring in the North, has a strong feature in the shape of a Water Carnival, entitled "Sloper's Half-Holiday." According to the bills, *fifty tons of surging water* is poured into the arena for each performance, and into that *fifty tons of surging water*, with a flop, goes A. SLOPER, as represented by Mr. George Elphinstone. What a thing fame is!

***

ALLY quite appreciates the enthusiasm with which the boys of the old brigade (No. 3 Company of the South Middlesex) greeted the statue of him which adorned the piano at their annual dinner. He was there in spirit, especially when the prize-winners emptied bottles of whisky into their handsome trophies. And one of his staff, who was the guest of Lieutenant Turner, gave him such an account of the conviviality, that he wished he had been there in the flesh.

***

MESSRS. ALCHIN, FOREMAN AND CO., of 9 Goswell Road, E.C., will shortly launch the "*Sloper Cigar*" on a public that is absolutely gasping for a really good and cheap smoke. ALLY has no pecuniary interest in the venture; all he wants is to put smokists in the right path.

***

MAYHAP there are some few benighted beings among our readers who have not lately visited the London Pavilion. If so, let them rectify their oversight at once, or put up with the punishment which the knowledge that they have missed one of the best entertainments in London is bound to inflict upon them. The names of twenty-six star artistes appear on the programme, and what is more to the point, on the evening that A. SLOPER visited the Hall not one turn was missed.

***

TOM SMITH AND CO. are going to knock 'em in the Finsbury Square next Christmas with a box of Crackers, to be called *Mrs. Sloper's Bonnet Box*. It's a bit early to talk of next Christmas, perhaps; but as the Old Girl's permission had to be asked, there's no object in keeping the thing a secret.

***

THE Mouldy One has this day been pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon FRED HARVEY, *because he's a slap-up comic singer*. "Feyther," chortled the Azure-Orbed Music-Haller, "Freddy's fairly come to the front lately, ain't he? If I only thought I'd make arf sich a 'it as 'e 'as, blowed if I wouldn't go down to Didcot tomo——" But at this stage the Ancient weighed in with the historic gingham, and the aspirations of the Cerulean-Eyed received a temporary but ineffectual damper.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING 18TH MARCH, 1893.

12th March, 1868.—An attempt was this day made on the life of the Duke of Edinburgh.

13th March, 1853.—This day "Young Broome" fought "the Kangaroo," a coloured gentleman of doubtful reputation, well known in the Haymarket. The fight was for £15, and the Kangaroo was beaten in thirty minutes.

14th March, 1882.—Dr. Lamson was this day sentenced to death for the cruel murder of a crippled boy. By the boy's death he became entitled to some money. He visited him at school, and whilst expressing affection for him, administered poison, from the effects of which he died in great agony. The doctor was hanged for the treacherous crime at Wandsworth jail.

15th March, 1880.—The Cape Town post office was this day robbed of £75,000.

16th March, 1891.—Considerable excitement and indignation was caused at Bewdley to-day, consequent upon the severe sentence passed by the local magistrates upon a girl, aged fourteen years, who had been convicted of stealing four monthly parts of a magazine. It was the accused's first offence, and she pleaded that she only borrowed the books to read. The bench, however, sentenced the girl to ten days' hard labour, to be followed by three years in a reformatory. Great uproar followed in court, the mayor in particular being vehemently reproached. Ultimately the magistrates called back the youthful delinquent, re-tried the case, reversed their former decision, and simply bound the girl over to come up for judgment when called upon.

17th March, 1876.—Mr. Matthew Strong this day, writing from ss. *Hydaspes* to the *Bombay Gazette*, gives an account of a sea monster he had recently seen. "Within," he says, "a hundred feet of the stern was this hideous thing. A great mass of what looked like tangled seaweed rose out of the water twenty or thirty feet high. From the centre of this mass was a great black head. The top was quite flat, not unlike that of a monstrous toad. A thick fringe of coarse red hair hung over the mouth. But the eyes were the most awful part of this fearful thing. They were placed far apart, four or five inches in diameter, and scintillated constantly. All the passengers and crew, except the captain, saw the thing. The children fell on the deck crying, and some of the women fainted. The thing came swiftly up to the ship, raised itself with a sudden movement high out of the water, till its head was thirty or forty feet above us, and struck three blows at the mainmast."

18th March, 1881.—This day a box, filled with 12lb. of gunpowder and a burning fuse attached, was found against the wall of the Mansion House.

TWO MATCHMAKERS.

In the Slums.

SALLY SLAGGS is gaunt and haggard,
Wan of cheek and dull of eye.
See, into that den she's staggered;
Let us follow her and try—
Try and learn her occupation.
Ah! and it's an easy task.
"Matchmaking's" the information
We obtain from him we ask.

In Belgravia.

Lady James I'll sing the woes of,
Well-preserved and clever dame
Eight fair daughters to dispose of
Just at present is her aim.
Millicent to Earl Fitzanker,
Stately Kate to Lord St. Few,
Ethel to the wealthy banker—
Lady James makes matches too.

A STRAIGHT TIP.

THE young man who wants to make love seriously and successfully to the girl of to-day has got to put his hard facts in plain words at the outset, and not go shilly-shallying about with a lot of high-falutin compliments or gilt-edged platitudes. Inattention to these simple rules lost Alfred Caractacus Griggpiffle one of the sweetest, dearest, and most sensible girls that ever warmed a curling iron over a tenpenny-halfpenny spirit-lamp.

He had such an ideal night for it, too—not a sloppy, filmy boot-soaker such as St. Swithin delights in, but a pale moonlighted arrangement, with just the one evening star, placed there handy to swear his love by. It is called the "yon" star. Somehow or other, Evangeline Ethel did not experience any divine witchery, so that when (keeping his eye upon "yon" star, so as to be able to lay his hand upon it when wanted) he said:

"Light of my life—my darling—my all, do you not know that I love you ten thousand times better than anything else in this great wide world?" All she said was:—

"Yes, yes; you have told me so a thousand times, and yet——" She seemed to catch her words and hesitate, as if in doubt.

"And yet what, my own? You *do* believe me?"

"Well, I suppose I must. They say, you know, that only children and fools, and drunken men tell the truth; and yet—er—you see, Alfred, you are certainly not a child—and—er—you are as sober as *I* am—er——"

When the cloud that had temporarily obscured the moon rolled by, Evangeline Ethel found that he had escaped in the darkness.

CLAPHAM COMMON COMMENTATORS.

"DEAR SLOPER," writes "A Father of Ten Budlets" from an address at Clapham Common, "it is generally admitted, as you are doubtless well aware, that if a girl can't get kissed properly at Clapham Common, she's got to go abroad to get her orders executed. Upon kisses—and the ozone breezes of the Upper Wandle—Claphamatories live and thrive. They eat 'em. Well, what we're growling about is this: We had a new parson come over from Wandsworth to preach last Sunday, and he pitched upon a text which we one and all consider remarkable. He said that when Jacob kissed Rachel he lifted up his voice *and wept!* It's the '*wept*' we can't get over; and, lest you should think that we accepted the statement—we, who have such a reputation to sustain—I send you a few opinions I collected as the congregation filed past me in the porch:

"A very respected old gent from Cedars Road said: 'If Rachel was half as good-looking as a girl *he* knew, and kept her face clean, he couldn't see what he had to grizzle about.'

"The head barman at the Plough said: 'He cried because she wouldn't let him have a second buster.'

"The billiard-marker from the Alexandra said: 'What made him cry was because there was only one Rachel to kiss.'

"The young man from the *Tooting Trumpet* waxed quite enthusiastic. He said: 'Beneath the starry vault or golden sun is there aught in nature or in art equal to the rapture and intense deliciousness of the first kiss! I answer, No. It was Jacob's first kissing-match, and his realisation of having to crowd a life's deliciousness into *one* kiss, and then go and get his paper to press, needled him.

"You can do as you like about accepting old Miffkittle's opinion, as he has just been and lost a breach of promise case, but what he said was: 'Jacob had heard *so* much about it that he cried out of disappointment to find it wasn't what it was cracked up to be.'

"'One Who Knows,' who lets out apartments in Ducie Street, said: 'Jacob *had* to cry, because Rachel had her mouth full of spring onions.'"

But it is A. SLOPER'S opinion that Jacob wept because he'd been so long thinking about it, and grieved over the opportunities he had lost.

"VOTE FOR SLOPER!"

[A Temperance Parliament is the latest institution.]

THE latest idea is now, we are told,
A Temperance Parliament sect,
And abstainers should all at once be enrolled,
And voters their members select.
"'Tis a most worthy object," says everyone sane,
Including, of course, A. S. of Shoe Lane!

'Tis whispered in circles—yea, the most high—
Of various gents who will stand
For election to seats they'd not deign to buy—
They're willing to die for their land;
And ALLY admits that *he* is most fain
To know who's prepared to die for Shoe Lane!

He's thoroughly thought out the thing in his mind
(With no thought of cost or the pelf),
With result that he's certain a man you'll not find
To so suit the post—as himself!
And who is more fit, in this glorious reign,
As Temperance M.P. for good old Shoe Lane?

WHY, CERT'NLY.

The Deacon. The Reverend Mr. Canter seems perfectly saturated with his subject when he preaches, does he not?

The Worldly One. I thought he was last night when he preached on "Drink," and nearly tumbled out of the pulpit.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FANCY BALL.

BLESS you! if you'd only had anything like the ghost, or an idea what it had cost him to get there, you wouldn't have grudged any of the enjoyment he was able to squeeze out of it. Trouble? Well, he didn't mind that so much—it was the awful amount of oof he was called upon to expend that needled him. To begin with, there was the ticket—a whole guinea at once burst; then there was the cloak-room fee, the cab fare, gloves, shoes, a tie, and last, but anything but least, the hire of a dress suit. True, when he first conceived the idea of going, he kidded himself into the belief that he would look awfully killing as Charles II., the Earl of Rochester, or some other dashing celebrity; but when he obtained an estimate for the hire of the costume, he discovered, to his infinite disgust, that if he was to leave any surplus for drinks, etc., he would have to adopt the popular, and to those who possess it inexpensive, attire of "an English gentleman of the nineteenth century." Even that came to seven and six, but it wasn't a bad lot at the price.

Did he enjoy himself? Well, he certainly didn't get much fun out of it for the first hour or so, but towards one o'clock—about supper-time, that is—he mustered up enough courage to speak to such a dear little thing in a black mask and amber domino, and she was well, the end of it was, after the second drink and the lady's delicately-worded information that she'd taken the precaution to have two seats reserved for her at the supper-table, the two found themselves making for the regions above, and although there *did* seem to be some slight misunderstanding about the places, they eventually found some; and as poor Quidlet forked out another guinea, and watched the damsel pouring, figuratively speaking, his next month's salary down her throat in the guise of extra sec '84, he winced a little, but recovered sufficiently under the influence of another bottle, and the reflection that it is impossible to be a sly, sad dog on an empty purse, to squeeze her hand beneath the table.

Reader, let us draw a kindly veil over the conclusion of that supper. Let us shroud the memory of many subsequent drinks in the cloak of oblivion. Let us concern ourselves rather with the wish, blighting words that fell from the maiden's lips as we passed out about 4.50 A.M.—words that seemed to scorch all hope and drowsiness from the strong man's soul: from *her*, too, for whose sake he had dissipated his all.

"Now, just pull yourself together, sonny," she was saying, "and don't let's have any of your nonsense, or I shall have you 'chucked.' Yes, yes! I know all about your being a lord, and your six thousand a year, your mansions and your carriages. And I daresay you would take me down to Hampton on Sunday, but I'm not taking any, thank you. And look here! that dress suit you've got on is one of the best we've got in the shop, and if you drop any more brandy and soda over it I shall have to get father to charge you for damages when you return it to-morrow."

Alas! it is indeed a cold and cheerless world.

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

No. 89.—SIGNA RIVERSLEIGH.

"I'M aware no artiste at the 'Friv.,'"
Quoth a Regent Street masher, "has got
More attractions: but, sure as I live,
She's the bashfullest girl of the lot.
And by me to sweet Signa to-night
Shall her fault in your presence be named;
And I warrant, dear boys, she'll be quite
Of her sheepish shamefacedness ashamed."
So, that evening, the horrid young cad
Said to Signa: "Haw! haw! what the doose
Are you made of? They tell me, egad!
That you cannot say 'Boh!' to a Goose!"

But, so long as that masher may live,
He'll remember the hour and the day
When he sought on a Girl of the 'Friv.'
His unmannerly wit to display.
For he's twitted, wherever he goes,
With the humiliation profound
He endured, when Miss Riversleigh rose,
And, by turning his question around,
Turned the tables slapbang on him, too,
As she haughtily said: "That is so!
But no matter,—while talking to you,
I can always say 'Goose!' to a Beau!"

FUNNY, ISN'T IT?

EVERYTHING in this world depends upon circumstances. For instance, it is generally admitted that this life is full of trials, yet you never by any chance hear a lawyer grumbling at this dispensation of Providence.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

39 CADOGAN SQUARE, LONDON, S.W., *February* 22, 1893.

SIR,—In MR. SLOPER'S frequent embarrassments, I do not think that the idea of "*issuing Five Per Cent. Debentures to celebrate his Jubilee Year*," has ever occurred to him, fertile as he is in expedients. If not, he may be glad to see the enclosed, and take a hint from others. My correspondent is an entire stranger to me. I am, sir, yours faithfully, RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN.

[*Enclosure.*]

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.
WEST END BRANCH, 60 ST. JAMES'S ST., LONDON. S.W
February 21, 1893.

RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—I have pleasure in enclosing you herewith a paper giving full explanation of our new *Five Per Cent. Debenture*, which we are *issuing to celebrate our Jubilee Year*. I feel sure, if you could spare a few minutes, it will repay your attention, and I shall be happy to supply you with any further information you may require. I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

BEN. HAWORTH-BOOTH, *Branch Manager*.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 156.—HE AGAIN LEARNS HOW UNHAPPY IS THE LOT OF A CARADOS.

AMONGST the Empire's galleryites
Sat ALLY'S wife and ALLY,
To see that best of modern sights—
Kate Lanner's latest ballet.
And much they cheered and chortled, till
The imp, so lithe and sprightly
(With all Professor Victor's skill),
Turned Victor's cat, full lightly,
Into a girl of youthsome grace;
And then poor SLOPER, sadly,
Within his hands immured his face,
And wept and blubbered madly.

"What's wrong, you blithering idiot?" cried
His wife, in whispers snarling.
And ALLY, 'midst his tears, replied,
"Forgive me, please, my darling;
But when so suddenly I spied,
With dazed and dazzled mien, a
Confounded cat transmogrified
Into the fair Katrina,
It made me shed a burning tear,
And all my soul incited
To grief, to think how my career
Has been entirely blighted
Because a girl who once (though fat)
Was sonsie, sweet, delicious,
Has been—since I stood simpering at
The altar with her, like a flat—
Transmogrified into a cat—
Vindictive, vile, and vicious.

Then SLOPER'S wife began, with rage,
A course of savage scratching,
That ne'er a cat on any stage
Would stand a chance of matching.
And ere the fierce attack was quelled,
The Wreck's red ink was streaming
His eyes were bunged, his nose was swelled,
And "Murder!" he was screaming.

So SLOPER, less than half alive,
Says kindly to our youthful
Dramatic critics, "Do not strive
For criticisms truthful.
If your critiques be—like the Wreck's—
Unvarnished, plain, outspoken,
You'll surely either get your necks,
Or else your spirits, broken!"

ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS APPEAL FOR THE DESTITUTE POOR OF LONDON.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED LAST WEEK, £185 1*s.* 8½*d.*

SINCE RECEIVED:—ALLY SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M. (Weekly Donation), £1; GARRY, 2*s.*; G. A. FORDHAM, 1*s.*; R. M. PATTISON, £1; JIMMY and EDITH, ½*d.*; AUTOMATIC, 3*s.* 10*d.*; FRIEND OF THE POOR, 6*d.*; FRED SINCLAIR, 2*s.* 6*d.*; G. A. F., 1*s.* 3*d.*

Making a total received up to February 28th, 1893, £187 12*s.* 10*d.*

DEATH'S CURTAIN.

[A music-hall artiste, called upon to attend a rehearsal from which he was unexpectedly absent, said, "Go on; I have played my part." Shortly after, he was found dead in bed, apparently from apoplexy.—*Press.*]

I.

OH! a pleasant part has been mine to play
In the drama of Life. I've been
No bearer of sorrows, no waif, no stray;
But, in every separate scene,
Contentment and riches and health I've had.
And impetuous yearns my heart
To continue the acts that have made me glad—
But in vain! I have played my part!

II.

Oh! a lofty rôle has been mine to hold
On the world's wide stage. My aim,
To win me no guerdon of lands and gold.
But the fame of a deathless name.
There's the breath of the Angel of Fame e en now
On my cheeks; but, alas, my heart!
What intruder has clammily clutched my brow?
It is Death! I have played my part!

III.

Oh! the sweetest rôle I'd begun to play
That to actor had e'er been given;
And I knew not (such love-blossoms strewed the way
If my stage were in earth or heaven!
But an influence comes that has power to chill
E'en the warmth of a lover's heart;
For that heart pants painfully—throbs—stands still!
Woe is me! I have played my part!

THE REASON WHY.

Brown. What do you think of this imitation meerschaum that Stingyman gave me last week?

Jones. Imitation! Why, it looks like a real one! How do you know it's imitation?

Brown. Because Stingyman gave it to me.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

WHY is your Head Cook like Pluto?—Because he superintends a hot shop in the lower regions.

WHY carp at the unemployed? U and I, gentle reader, have never yet been found in *work*.

"MARRIAGE Lines:" An epithalamium.

A TICKET of "Leave:" One that enables you to leave the theatre for a drink between acts.

SLOPER, when playing sixpenny banker, has a large ambition for histrionic fame. In fact, he would like to be *Banc(e)r-oft*.

CLARA'S HEROES.

(A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.)

CHAPTER II.

CLARA MORTIMER was rich, young, and romantic—rich enough to be able to indulge any whim, young enough to be able to look on the world as a place where inexhaustible pleasure could be found, and romantic enough to imagine that any one who could perform a heroic action was sure to be clean grit all through. But Clara's lot had hitherto been thrown among a most unheroic group of people. Possibly there were many among them who would have been heroes had they had a chance, but no chances had occurred, or if they had occurred, they had meekly allowed them to slip past without taking advantage of them.

Plugged himself up.

Among those who were hoping to be something more to Clara Mortimer than a mere acquaintance, there were several who, had they known her aspirations, would have contrived some opportunity of proving to her that she need not go further in search of a brave husband, but Clara did not proclaim her predilection from the house-tops. To her male friends she gave no whisper of the romance that was in her, and hitherto she had been wooed in a thoroughly commonplace way.

And among her commonplace admirers were Charles Manfred Steedman and Harry Lawlor. Neither had been treated differently from the others of the group of youth who were favoured with her acquaintance, but in her heart Clara Mortimer felt that these two men were more to her than the others. Yet they affected her very differently. Charles Manfred Steedman, she believed, loved her, and only awaited the slightest encouragement to induce him to lay his heart at her feet. In regard to Harry Lawlor she was doubtful. He was never forward in his protestations or his attentions. He rather seemed indifferent, and his very indifference piqued her into paying him more attention than she otherwise might have done. The two were making progress in Miss Mortimer's thoughts by very different routes.

Was he any one in particular?

"Oh, I say, by Jove! awfully funny thing happened last night in the Friv., doncherknow," remarked Sydney St. John, one of Miss Mortimer's early visitors the day after that on which the incident occurred in which Steedman and Lawlor had taken part. "By Jove! awfully funny, doncherknow?" he concluded, as he plugged himself up with the handle of his elaborately mounted walking-stick.

"No, I don't know, Mr. St. John," remarked Miss Mortimer, and added, with a laugh, "So you have the unwonted luxury of something really new and novel to talk about?"

"Really, though? Haw!"

"Yes, and don't you think you'd better tell me all about it, Mr. St. John?"

"Ah, by Jove! it was awfully funny. A spark fell from the flies and set fire to the dress of one of the girls on the stage. Fellow jumped from box in the dress circle. Put her out, doncherknow—rushed her off the stage, wrapped in his dress-coat—shirt sleeves, and all that sort of thing. Was awfully funny," and Mr. St. John plugged himself up once more at the recollection.

"Must have been," said Miss Mortimer. "Was he anyone in particular?"

"Don't know, I'm sure. Not very likely, either. Awful to appear before all the people in his shirt sleeves, doncherknow? Must have been a cad."

Sailed away.

"You couldn't have done such a thing, could you?"

"Not for worlds. Awful bad form," said Mr. St. John, imbibing further sustenance from the nob of his stick.

"And yet the girl might have been seriously burned," continued Miss Mortimer.

"Ah! no danger—fireman and all that behind scenes. Bad form to make a fuss."

"Dreadful! Your friends should be pleased they will never have to dread anything of the sort from you, Mr. St. John."

"By Jove, no, Miss Mortimer!" and the gorgeous youth sailed away, quite satisfied he had made a more than usually satisfactory impression on Miss Mortimer, "doncherknow?"

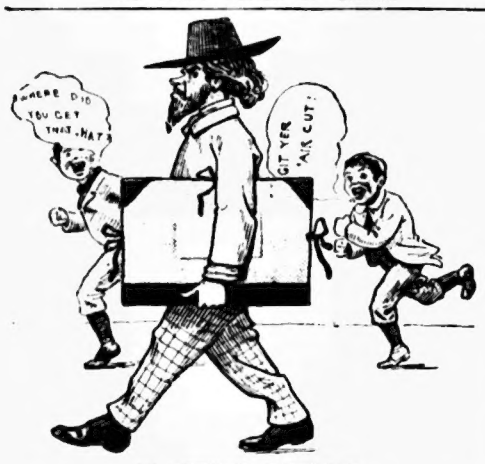
(To be continued next week.)

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 298.—Professor Landerman, F.O.S.

"Always of a pugilistic nature, the hero of this week's 'Portrait Gallery' first made himself famous in Australia, the land of his birth, by knocking over with the aid of a catapult a pet cock-sparrow belonging to sundry of his friends. So enraged were the latter at this bloodthirsty behaviour, that on the spur of the moment and with the boots of their feet, they kicked the genial youth from their midst. After a few years of wandering in the wilderness, during which time he made himself very famous among the kangaroos, Landerman came to the conclusion that living in this world was not so bad as he had at one time imagined. This idea became stronger when he had knocked out in three rounds a celebrated Australian bantam-rooster, and quickly reached maturity when he had succeeded, after a terrific combat, in putting to sleep two game-cocks. Kangaroo fighting came quite natural to him; in fact, he seemed to glory in it, and although they were a little grumpy at first, perseverance soon told its tale, and their repugnance to don the mittens was speedily overcome. Chiefly because he is the king of kangaroo tamers, our hero was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him December 17th, 1892. —*Debrett Improved.*

THE GIANT PERCH OF CHINA.



AN ARTIST'S TROUBLES.
What our comic artist has to put up with during his travels through the London streets.

Bosher. I say, Hanks, when should you reckon a man is at his very heaviest?

Hanks. Gr-r-roo! when he's flopping his dodgested foot bang down on your pet e-corn.

A SOCIETY LION.

Jack (an admirer of the "noble art"). I say, girls, I've got such a surprise for you.

Ruth. What is it?

Jack. Why, Jim Tinribs, the champion pugilist, has just expressed a wish to be introduced to you; so pull yourselves together and come along at once.

New patent rotatory police ambulance for running in refractory burglars.

The latest use for discarded crinolines. Send 'em off to the Esquimaux to use for huts. It's a pity to waste good articles.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

(1) "'Ullo, guv'nor, you look a bit orf colour!" observed Bill Basher, the navvy, to a miserable and prematurely aged-looking individual, who was pensively regarding him. "Wot's up?" "I am overworked," replied the stranger, sadly, "being one of those unfortunate wretches who live by making would-be comic jokes for the papers—see?" "Wot pay d'yer git?" said Bill. "'Bout the same as yours," said the stranger. "I wish I 'ad your job instead o' mine," said Bill. "Overworked, indeed! You dunno wot work is!"——(2) "I'll change with pleasure," said the stranger. "Right ye are—I'm on it!" said Bill. So they changed.——(3) "Work, indeed!" sneered Bill, as he sat down to his new employment. "Blimey! if I can't turn these little 'uns out a 'undred a minute, I'll swaller 'em!" But somehow he couldn't.——(4) Meanwhile the comic artist throve wonderfully at the navvy's work. It was a little holiday for him, and Bill, who was getting thin, used to come and gaze thoughtfully at him.——(5) "Look 'ere, guv'nor," he burst out at last, "I can't stand my present life of lux'ry and hidleness no longer! Let's swop back." "D'you take me for an idiot?" said the artist.——(6) "No, no! you can go and hang yourself! I know when I've got the best of a bargain, you bet!"

CONTRASTS.

Joyful Individual. Hallo, Bubbins! why are you looking so miserable?

Melancholy Individual. Got married last week. What makes you so happy?

Joyful Individual. Wife died last Friday.

GIRLS SLOPER'S KISSED.

No. 52.—Dorcas.

SHE WAS OFF.

Man (sings). "We never met again."

Johnny (to Bertie). Well, I'm not surprised she didn't turn up the second time, if he sang to her or made grimaces like that.

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